



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

College Songs

1888

Mus
559
5

Mus 559.5

**Harvard College
Library**



By Exchange

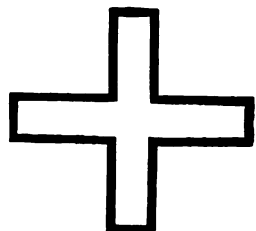
MUSIC LIBRARY

Miss Ella Schreier

College
Songs.
New &
Old.

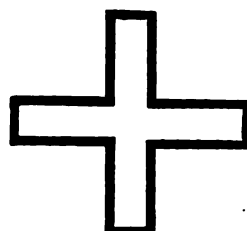
New York
Published by
H. W. Gray,
111 Nassau St.

Price, 50 Cents.



TO

C. Sidney Sampson Esq.



TE DEUM

o—BY—o

George F. Bristow.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY

RICHARD A. SAALFIELD,

41 UNION SQUARE,

S. W. Cor. 17th Street.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY RICHARD A. SAALFIELD.

NEW AND OLD



COLLEGE



SONGS.

Latest + and + Best.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY

RICHARD A. SAALFIELD,

41 UNION SQUARE,

.S. W. Cor. 17th street.

Mus 559.5
✓



By exchange

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY R. A. SAALFIELD. ***

43 / 21
1.28

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Antioch	43
Auld Lang Syne	82
Aurem Præbe Mihi.....	44
Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Bu.....	22
Bailiff's Daughter	81
Barbara Allen.....	82
Bavarian Yodel	52
Bay of Biscay.....	40
Bingo.....	42
Bohunkus.....	61
Bold Fisherman.....	20
Bonnie Dundee	78
British Grenadiers	84
Bull Dog on the Bank.....	26
Burial of Sir John Moore.....	81
Byron Lay	32
Casabianca	36
Co-Ca-Che-Lunk	24
Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina.....	47
Death of Nelson	83
Domine Salvam Fac.....	45
Englishman	79
Evening Bells.....	23
For A' That and A' That.....	84
Forsaken Am I.....	54
Funiculi, Funicula.....	48
Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye	66
Good Night.....	44
Greenwich Pensioner.....	83
Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls	78
In a Manger Rests the King.....	77
In Sanitatem Omnium, Ca, Ca	22
Institute Song	57
Irish Christening	62
Jack and Jill	68
Japanese Love Song.....	58
John Brown	43
King in Thule	7

	PAGE.
Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.....	28
Lauriger Horatius.....	55
Little Drummer.....	30
Little Bo-Peep	71
Little Wee Dog	19
Maid of the Mill	5
March of the Men of Harlech.....	81
Maria	60
Marseillaise.....	80
Merry Chink, Chink, Chink.....	53
Michael Roy.....	25
Midshipmite.....	9
Miller and the Dee.....	83
Minstrel Boy	78
Mush, Mush.....	56
O Happy Day.....	6
Oh! Dear! What can the Matter Be?.....	78
Ride a Cock-Horse	74
Rule Britannia.....	82
Sailor's Consolation	11
Sing a Song of Sixpence.....	72
St. Joles	38
St. Patrick was a Gentleman	34
Scots' Wha Ha'e Wi' Wallace Bled.....	82
Soldier's Farewell.....	67
Some Book-Worms will Sit and will Study	80
Son of a Gambolier	18
So Say We All of Us.....	43
Three Crows.....	44
Tinker and Cobbler	22
Tom Bowling.....	14
Tom was a Rosy Boy	79
'Twas Off the Blue Canaries	29
Watch on the Rhine.....	80
When We were Boys Together	78
Where are you Going My Pretty Maid?	70
Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon.....	79
Young May Moon	84

In a woful day
a tempter came
And asked me
to eat with her.

"Eat what" I asked,
for I knew not then
The game of "Philopene".

"Why, share with me
this slice of cake"
The smiling lady said.
She tempted me
and I did eat,

(Nor was it very wrong but
That piece of cake has
cost me since
Full many a College Song.)

Here is my gift,
and here's a vow--

A vow, I gladly take--
"If I eat another 'philopene'
I will never be of cake."

I have paid my debt--
for in this thing
The gift's a debt, I ween--
I'm glad 'tis done.

We've finished now
our game of "Philopene"

Walter Murlless. Sept. 22, 1889.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

SOLO & CHORUS,

Composed by STEPHEN ADAMS.
Cantabile.

Arr. by C. H. HOFFMAN.

Golden years a-go in a mill beside the sea, There dwelt a lit-tle maid-en who plighted her faith to me; The mill-wheel now is silent the maid's eyes closed be, and all that now remains of her are the words she said to me.

Tempo di Valse - dolce.

Do not for-get me, Do not for-get me, Think some-times of me still, Yes some-

Do not forget me, Oh do not forget me, Oh do not forget me, Oh do not forget me, yes,

times When the morn breaks and the thro-tle a - wakes Re - mem-ber the maid of the mill, Ah!

Solo.

Do not for-get me, Do not for-get me, Re - mem - ber the
Chorus.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la Re - mem - ber the
hm hm hm hm hm hm hm hm *presente.*

maid the maid of the mill..... maid the maid of the mill.
maid, the maid of the mill, yes remember the maid, the maid of the mill.

O HAPPY DAY!

(FOUR PARTS.)

Composed by CARL GÖTZE.

Arr. by C. H. HOFFMAN.

It was one sun - day bright and clear, my heart so full my heart so

warm We wand' red thro' the gold - en grain, O'er blooming hill and gras - sy
warm, my heart so warm, we

plain, The lark it sang, the sun it beamed Its rays o'er mound and val - ley
plain and gras - sy plain, the

full. *f* *meno mosso.*
gleamed, O hap - py day, O hap - py day, Thou art so far and
gleamed, o'er mound and vail, O

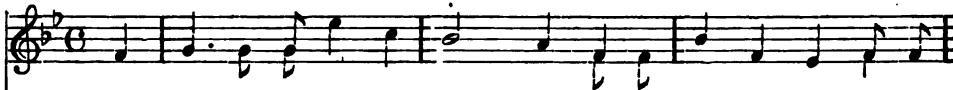
f *ad lib.*
yet so near, O hap - py day, so sweet and dear, Thou art so far and yet so near.

THE KING IN THULE.

Translated from the German by the Rev. F. W. FARRAR.


J. F.

VOICE.



There was a King in Thu - le, True heart-ed e'en to the
He sat at the roy - al ban - quet, With the knights and dames a - -

ACCOM.




grave, To whom his la - dy, dy - ing, A gold - en gob - let
round, In the tower of his king - ly fa - thers That o - ver the wa - ters




gave. He held it his dear - est treas - ure, He drained it at ev - 'ry
frowned, There stood the a - ged to - per His last bright draught to



THE KING IN THULE. Concluded.

feast, And his eyes were dew-y with tear - drops When-ev - er its rim he
 drain, Then flung the sa - cred gob - let Be-neath him in - to the

This system contains the first two lines of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

pressed, And nigh to his death he num - bered The towns of his king - dom
 main. He saw it top-ple and wa - ver, And sink in the cir - cling

This system contains the next two lines of the song. The musical notation continues with the same vocal and piano parts as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

fair, And all save the gold-en gob - let He left to his scorp-tered heir.
 sea, And the light of his eyes grew dim - mer, And no drop more drank he.

This system contains the final two lines of the song. The musical notation concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

Con spirito.

mf

Chorus.

1. 'Twas a 'fif - ty-five, on a winter's night, Cheeri-ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd
2. We launch'd the cut-ter and shov'd her out, Cheeri-ly, my lads, yo ho! The
3. "I'm done for now; good bye!" says he, Cheeri-ly, my lads, yo ho! "You

Chorus.

got the Rooshan lines in sight, When up comes a lit-tle mid-shipmite, Cheeri-ly, my lads, yo
 lub-bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Middy cried, "Now, my lads, put about!" Cheeri-ly, my lads, yo
 make for the boat, never mind for me!" "We'll take ee' back, sir, or die," says we, Cheeri-ly, my lads, yo

p

ho! "Who'll go a-shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why
 ho! We made for the guns, an' we ramm'd em tight, But the musket shots came left and right, An'
 ho! So we hoist'd him in, in a terri - ble plight, An' we pull'd ev'ry man with all his might, An'

mf

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Chorus.

blees ee, sir, come a-long," says we.
down drops the poor lit - tle mid - ship-mite.
we sav'd the poor lit - tle mid - ship-mite. } Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho!..... Cheer - i - ly, my

rall. *tempo.*

lads, yo ho!..... With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

rall.

Gai - ly, boys, on make her go!..... An' we'll drink to-night To the Mid - ship-

Last time.

- mite, Sing - ing Cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho!.....

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION,

OR,
BARNEY BUNTLINE.

JOHN FARMER.

Lively.

PIANO. *f*

1. One night came down a hur - ri - cane, The sea was mountains roll - ing, When
2. "Fool-hard - y chaps who live in towns, What dan - ger they are all in, And

p

Bar - ney Bunt - line turn'd his quid, And said to Bil - ly Bowl - ing, "A
now lay quak - ing in their beds, For fear the roof would fall in; Poor

strong Nor' - wes - ter's blow - ing Bill; Hark! don't ye hear it roar now? Lord
crea-tures! how they en - vies us, And wish - es I've a no - tion, For

CHORUS.

help 'em! how I pit - ies all Un - hap - py folks on shore now?" } One
our good luck, in such a storm To be up - on the o - cean?" }

night came down a hur - ri - cane, The sea was mountains roll - ing, When

Bar - ney Bunt - line turn'd his quid, And said to Bil - ly Bowl - ing.

D.C.

2. "And as for them who're out all day, On bus-'ness from their hous-es, And
4. "And ve - ry oft - en have we heard How men are killed and un - done, By

late at night are com - ing home, To cheer their babes and spous - es; While
ov - er turns of car - riag - es By thieves, and fires in Lon - don, We

4

you and I, Bill, on the deck Are com - fort - a - bly ly - ing, My
know what risk all lands - men run, From no - ble-men to tall - ors; Then,

CHORUS.
eyes! what tiles and chim - ney - pots A - bout their heads are fly - ing?" }
Bill, let us thank Prov - i - dence That you and I are sail - ors!" } One

night came down a hur - ri - cane, The sea was mountains roll - ing, When

Bar - ney Bunt - line turn'd his quid, And said to Bil - ly Bowl - ing.

D.C. 8:
D.C. 8:

TOM BOWLING.


DIEDER.


VOICE. 


PIANO. *Andante.* 


Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow-ling, The dar-ling of our crew; . . No




more he'll hear the temp - est howl-ing, For death has broached him to. His




form was of the manli-est beau-ty, His heart was kind and soft;



ad lib.

Faith-ful be-low, Tom did his du - ty And now he's gone a - loft, . . . And

pp

a tempo.

now he's gone a - loft.

colla voce. *a tempo.* *p*

Tom nev - er from his word de - part - ed, His vir - tues were so rare; . . . His

friends were man - y and true heart - ed, His Poll was kind and fair. And

mf

then he'd sing so blithe and jol - ly, Ah! many's the time and oft; But

crec.

mirth is turned to mel - an - cho - ly, For Tom is gone a - loft, . . . For

ad lib.

pp

Tom is gone a - loft.

a tempo.

colla voce.

a tempo.

p

Yet shall poor Tom find pleas - ant weath - er, When He who all com - mands Shall

Tom howling — l.



give to call life's crew to - geth - er, The word to pipe all hands. Thus

mf

Death, who kings and tars des - patch-es, In vain Tom's life has doffed;

crs.

For though his bo - dy's un - der hatch-es, His soul has gone a - loft, . . . His

ad lib.

pp

soul has gone a - loft.

a tempo.

colla voce.

a tempo.

p

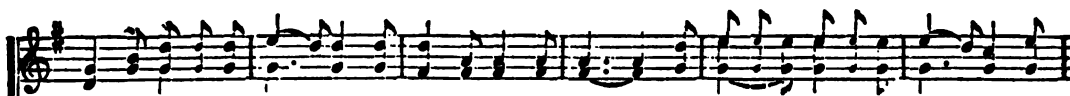
THE SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

SONG AND CHORUS.

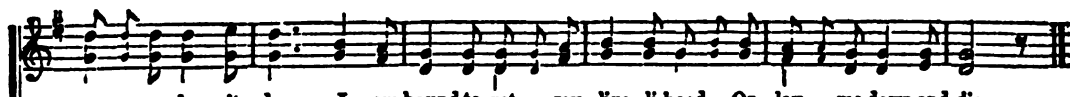
Lively.



1. I'm a ram - bling wretch of pov - er - ty, From Tip - pery town I came, 'Twas
 CHOR. Then com - bines your hum - ble dit - ties, As from tav - ern to tav - ern we steer, Like

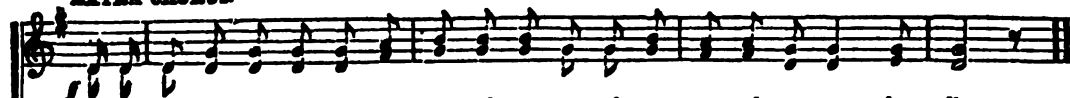


pov - er - ty compelled me first, To go out in the rain; In all... sorts of weather be It
 ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low. I drinks my la - ger - bier, Like ev - 'ry jol - ly fel - low, I



wet or be it dry, I am bound to get my live - li - hood, Or lay me down and die.
 takes my whiskey clear, I'm a rambling wretch of pov - er - ty, And the son of a gam - bo - lier.

EXTRA CHORUS.



I'm the son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a gam - bo - lier.

2.

I once was tall and handsome,
 And was so very neat,
 They thought I was too good to live,
 Most good enough to eat;
 But now I'm old, my coat is torn,
 And poverty holds me fast,
 And every girl turns up her nose,
 As I go wandering past.

CHO. AND EXTRA CHO.

3.

I'm a rambling wretch of poverty,
 From Tipperary town I came,
 My coat I bought from an old Jew shop,
 Way down in Maiden Lane;
 My hat I got from a sailor lad
 Just eighteen years ago,
 And my shoes I pick'd from an old dust heap,
 Which every one chummed but me.

CHO. AND EXTRA CHO.

LITTLE WEE DOG.

Lively.

1. Oh where, oh where ish mine lit-tle dog gone; Oh where, oh where can he be..... His

ears cut short and his tail cut long: Oh where, oh where ish he.....

CHORUS.

La la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la, la la la la la la

La la la la la la la, la la la la

la, La la la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la la.....

la, La la la la la la la, La la la la la.....

la, La la la la la la, La la la la.....

2 I loves mine lager 'tish very goot beer,
Oh where, oh where can he be,
But mit no money I cannot drink here,
Oh where, oh where ish he.

3 Across the ocean in Germania,
Oh where, oh where can he be,
Der deitschers dog ish der best companie,
Oh where, oh where ish he.

4 Un saage ish goot, bolonie of course,
Oh where, oh where can he be,
Dey makes um mit dog und dey makes em mit horse,
I guess de makes em mit he.

THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

G. W. HUNT.

Tempo di valse. mf

1. There once was a bold Fish-er-man, Who sail'd forth from Bil-ling-gate, To
 2. First he wrig-gled, then he strig-gled, In the wa-ter so brin-y-o, He
 3. His ghost walked that ni-i-ight, To the bed-side of his Ma-ry Jane; He

mf

catch the mild po-gy And the shy mack-er-el. But when he arrove off
 bel-lowed and he yel-lowed Out for help, but in vain; Then down did he gently
 told her how dead he was, "Then," says she, "I'll go mad! For since my dovey is so

Pim-li-co, The storm-y wind, it did be-gin to blow, And his
 gli-i-ide, To the bot-tom of the sil-v'ry ti-i-ide, But
 head," says she, "All jo-o-o-y from me has fled," says she, "I'll

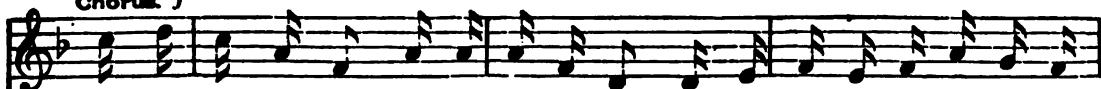
THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Chant ad lib.

lit - tle boat, it wib - ble wob - ble so, That alick o - ver-board he fell. SPOKEN—All among the Conger eels, and the Dover soles, and the kippered Herrings, and the Dutch plaice, and the Whitebait, and the Blackbait, and the Tittlebats, and the Brickbats, and the Mullibobs, and the Pummy-jobs, singing...

pre - viously to that he cri - i - ied,, "Fare - well, Ma - ry Jane!" SPOKEN—When he came to the *terra firma* at the bottom of the *aqua pura*, he simply took a cough-lozenge, and murmured:.....

go a rav - ing lun - i - ac!" says she, And she went star - ing mad. SPOKEN—She there-upon tore her best chignon to smithereens, danced the "Can-Can" on the top of the water-butt, and joined the Woman's Rights Association, and frequently edifies 'he angelic members thereof by softly chanting a song of plaintive memory, viz:.....

Chorus. *f*

Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, That's the high - ly in - ter - est - ing
Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, That's the re - frain of the gen - tle
Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, That's the kind of soul in - spir - ing

*D. C.*

song he sung; Twinkle doo-dle-dum, Twinkle doo-dle-dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man!
song he sung; Twinkle doo-dle-dum, Twinkle doo-dle-dum, Said the bold Fish - er - man!
song she sung; Twinkle doo-dle-dum, Twinkle doo-dle-dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man!



BA-BE-BI-BO-BU.

WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT BY C. W. STEVENS.

B-a-ba, B-e-be, B-i-bi, Ba-bi-bi, B-o-bo, Ba-be-bi-bo, B-u-bu, Ba-be-bi-bo-bu.

THE TINKER AND COBBLER.

A DRINKING SONG.

Now since we've met let's merry merry be, Said the Tinker to the Cobbler. Now

you say Tink! and he'll say Ker! and you say Cob! and he'll say Bler! Said the Tinker to the Cobbler.

"Tink," (said by 1st person,) "er," (said by 2d person,) "Cob," (said by 3d,) "bler," (by 4th.)

Said the Tinker to the Cobbler.

IN SANITATEM OMNIUM, ÇA, ÇA.

With spirit.
SOLO. Chorus on the repeat.

In sa - ni - ta - tem om - ni - um, ga, ga! ab - sen - ti - um, prae-
In sa - ni - ta - tem vir - gi - num, ga, ga!

sen - ti - um, stric - tis - si - me bi - ben - ti - um, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga!

EVENING BELLS.

Andante. dolce.

1. *p* Those eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells, How many a tale their mu - sic tells, Of

youth and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime, Those

eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells, How many a tale their mu - sic tells.

2

Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
Those evening, &c.

3

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.
Those evening, &c.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.



1. When we first came on this cam - pus, Fresh - men we, as green as grass;
 2. We have fought the fight to - geth - er, We have strug - gled side by side;
 3. Some will go to Greece or Hart - ford, Some to Nor - wich or to Rome;
 4. When we come a - gain to - geth - er, Vig - in - ten - ni - al to pass,

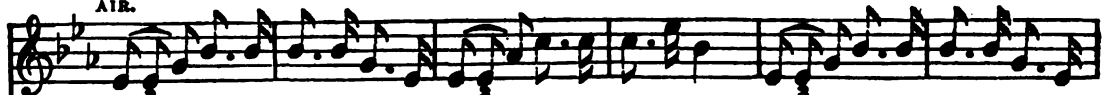
Play first eight measures of air for introduction.



Now, as grave and rev - er - end sen - iors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant past.
 Brok - en is the bond that held us — We must cut our sticks and slide.
 Some to Green - land's i - cy moun - tains — More, per - haps, to stay at home.
 Wives and child - ren all in - clud - ed, Won't we be an up - roar - lous class!

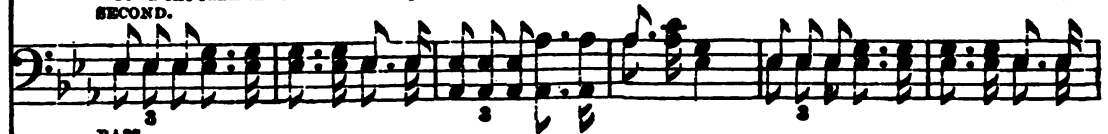


Chorus.
AIR.



Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-is - ly Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-is - ly, Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-is - ly.

SECOND.



BASS.



CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

Hi! O chick-a-che-lunk-che-lay.

1st time. 2d time.

The musical score for 'CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.' is written for voice and piano. It begins with a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time, with the lyrics 'Hi! O chick-a-che-lunk-che-lay.' The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece includes a first ending and a second ending, both marked '1st time.' and '2d time.' respectively.

MICHAEL ROY.

Allegretto. mf

1. In Brook-lyn ci - ty there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
 2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key was his name; His
 3. Mc - Clos - key stout-ed and hollered in vain, For the don - key would'nt stop; And he

mf

The musical score for 'MICHAEL ROY.' is written for voice and piano. It begins with a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time, marked 'Allegretto. mf'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece includes three verses of lyrics.

mother's name was Ma - ri Ann, And her's was Ma - ri Jane; And ev - e - ry Sat - ur - day
 fighting weight was seven stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma - ri Jane; He took her to ride in his
 threw Mari Jane right over his head, Right in - to a pol - i - cy. shop; When Mc - Clos - key saw that

The musical score for 'MICHAEL ROY.' continues with a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece includes three verses of lyrics.

MICHAEL ROY.

morn - ing She used to go o - ver the riv - er, And went to market where
 char - coal cart, On a fine St. Pat - rick's Day, But the don - key took fright at a
 ter - ri - ble sight; His heart it was moved with pi - ty, So he stabbed the donkey with a

she sold eggs, And sassaages, like - wise liv - er. } For oh! for oh! he was my darling
 Jer - sey man, And started and ran a - way. }
 bit of charcoal, And started for Salt Lake ci - ty. }

boy, FOR he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mi - chael Roy.....

THE BULL-DOG.

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, Oh! the bull-dog on the
 2. Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to

1. And the bull-frog in the pool,
 2. And the snap-per caught his paw,

THE BULL-DOG.

CHORUS.
attacca il chor. *f* Allegro.

bank,
catch him,

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the

SECOND BASS. *rit ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old wat-er-fool.
snap-per caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a laughing, To see him wag his jaw.

Singing tra la la la { la la la..... singing tra la la la { la la la..... Singing
leil-i - o..... leil-i - o.....

tra la la la la la, singing tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.
leil-i-o.

3 Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

3 Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

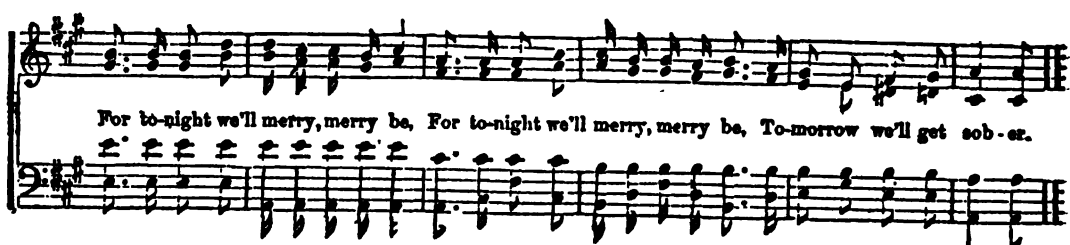
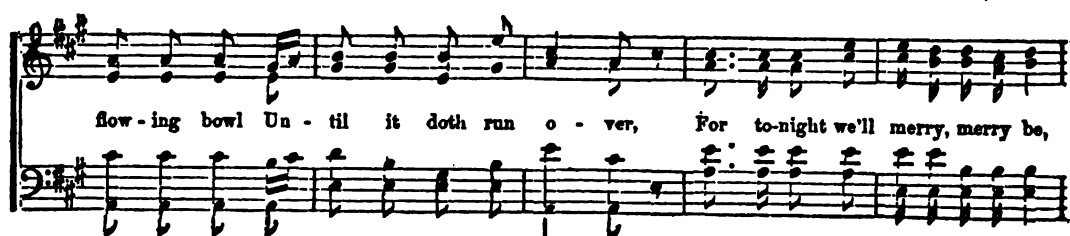
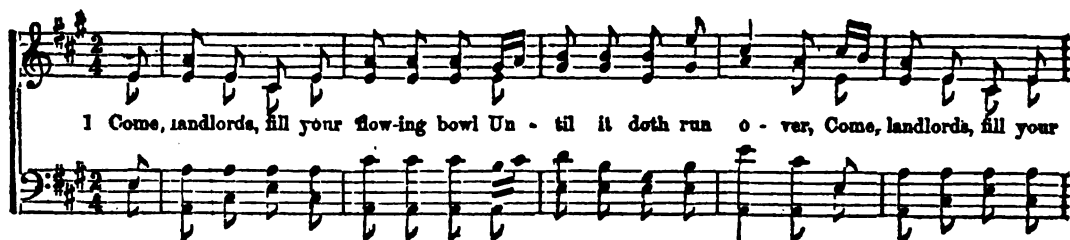
5. Says the tom-cat to the dog:
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jules about to tete-a-tete
With Romeo. *incog.*

6 Says the bull-dog to the cat:
"Oh! what do you think they're at?"
"They're spooning in the dead of night;
But where's the harm in that?"

7 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the water.
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY SONG.



2 The man that drinks good whiaky punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
The man that drinks good whisky punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.

3 The man who-drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober,
The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
So early in October.

4 But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth "half-seas over,"
But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth "half-seas over,"
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

'T WAS OFF THE BLUE CANARIES.

Dolce.

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca-na-ry isles, A glo-rious sum-mer day, I sat up-on the
2. I leaned up-on the quar-ter rail, And look'd down in the sea, Een there the pur-ple
quar-ter deck, And wifed my cares a-way; And as the vol-umed smoke a-rose, Like
wreath of smoke Was curl-ing grace-ful-ly; Oh, what had I at such a time, To
in-cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ei-gar.
do with wast-ing care! A-las, the trembling tear proclaimed It was my last ei-gar.

CHORUS.

ritard.

It was my last ei-gar, It was my last ei-gar, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ei-gar.

2 I watched the ashes as it came,
Fast drawing toward the end;
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend:
But still the flame crept slowly on;
It vanished into air;
I threw it from me, spare the tale,—
It was my last cigar.

4 I've seen the land of all I love,
Fade in the distance dim;
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope hath been;
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries,
I smoked my last cigar.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

POMERAY.

In marching time, and with spirit.

1. Oh, I'm the lit - tle drum - mer lad, And I
 2. When this tat - too is o ver, And you

 The first vocal entry is in 4/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

make a dread - ful rat - tle! I'll lead you to pa - rade or bat - tle! Oh,
 hang up - on my arm,..... Treat me as your trust - ed lov - er, Nev - er

 The second vocal entry continues the melody. It includes a trill (tr) on the word 'arm'. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous section.

dolor.
 I'm the boy to make you glad! When you drow - si - ly are sleep - ing, And the
 let my heart beat a - larm! Sweet! if on - ly thou'lt be lov - ing, Thro' what-

 The third vocal entry is marked with a 'dolor' (dolore) expression. The melody is more somber and slower than the previous sections. The piano accompaniment features a more complex, flowing pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

streets are hush'd and still, Then I sound re-vell - le, seem - ing To rouse both vale and
 ev - er may be - fall, Then tru - ly thou'lt dis - cov - er The mean - ing of my

The musical score for the first system of 'The Little Drummer' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The lyrics are: 'streets are hush'd and still, ev - er may be - fall, Then I sound re-vell - le, seem - ing To rouse both vale and Then tru - ly thou'lt dis - cov - er The mean - ing of my'.

hill! Di - rum, di - rum, drum, drum, drum, drum! Think of me, love, in your
 call!

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'hill! call! Di - rum, di - rum, drum, drum, drum, drum! Think of me, love, in your'. The piano part includes a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

dream - ing, Di - rum, di - rum, drum, drum, drum, drum! And the mean - ing of my drum!

drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum! And the meaning of my drum!

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'dream - ing, Di - rum, di - rum, drum, drum, drum, drum! And the mean - ing of my drum! drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum! And the meaning of my drum!'. The score ends with a double bar line.

BYRON LAY.

R. R. R.

J. F.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

By - ron lay, laz - i - ly lay, Hid from les - son and game a - way,

Dream - ing po - et - ry, all a - lone, Up - a - top of the Peach - ey stone,

All in a fu - ry en - ters Dru - ry, Sets his gram - mar and Vir - gil due;

pp *molto cres. e accel.* *f a tempo. dim.*

Poets shouldn't have, shouldn't have, shouldn't have, Poets shouldn't have work to do,

pp *molto cres. e accel.* *f a tempo.*

CHORUS.

pp *molto cres. e accel.* *f a tempo.*

Poets shouldn't have, shouldn't have, shouldn't have, Poets shouldn't have work to do.

pp *molto cres. e accel.* *f a tempo.*

2 Peel stood, steadily stood,
 Just by the name in the carven wood,
 Reading rapidly, all at ease,
 Pages out of Demosthenes.
 "Where has he got to? Tell him not to!"
 All the scholars who hear him, cry;
 "That's the lesson for, lesson for, lesson for,
 That's the lesson for next July!"

3 Peel could never, you needs must own,
 Rhyme one rhyme on the Peachey-stone:
 Byron never his task have said
 Under the panel where Peel is read
 "Even a goose's brain has uses"—
 Cricketing comrades argued thus—
 "Will they ever be, ever be, ever be,
 Will they ever be boys like us?"

4 Byron lay, solemnly lay,
 Dying for freedom far away;
 Peel stood up on the famous floor,
 Ruled the people and fed the poor;
 None so narrow the range of Harrow,
 Welcome poet and statesman too;
 Doer and dreamer, dreamer, dreamer,
 Doer and dreamer, dream and do!

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

VOICE. *Oh! St. Pat-rick was a gen-tle-man, Who came of de-cent peo-ple: He*

COOM. *built a church in Dub-lin town, And on it put a stee-ple; His fa-ther was a*

Gal-lag-her, His moth-er was a Bra-dy, His aunt was an O'Shaughnes-sy, His

un-cle was an O'Gra-dy, So success attend St. Patrick's first, For he's a Saint so

clev-er; O he gave the snakes and toads a twist, And bothered them for-ev-er.

The Wicklow Hills are very high
 And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
 But there's a hill much bigger still,
 Much higher nor them both, sir;
 'Twas on the top of this high hill,
 St. Patrick preached his sarmint,
 That drove the frogs into the bogs,
 And banished all the varmint,
 So success, &c.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
 Where dirty varmint muster,
 But there he put his dear fore-foot
 And murder'd them in clusters.
 The toads went pop, the frogs went hōp
 Slap dash into the water,
 And the snakes committed suicide
 To save themselves from slaughter.
 So success, &c.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
 He charmed with sweet discourses,
 And dined on them at Killaloe
 In soups and second courses.
 Where blind worms crawling in the grass
 Disgusted all the nations,
 He gave them a rise which opened their eyes
 To a sense of their situation.
 So success, &c.

No wonder that those Irish lads
 Should be so gay and frisky,
 For sure St. Pat. he taught them that,
 As well as making whisky,
 No wonder that the Saint himself
 Should understand distilling,
 Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
 In the town of Enniskillen.
 So success, &c.

O, was I but so fortunate
 As to be back in Munster,
 'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground
 I never more would once stir.
 For there St. Patrick planted turf
 And plenty of the praties,
 With pigs galore, ma gra, ma' store
 And cabbages—and ladies.
 Then my blessings on St. Patrick's first,
 For he's a darling Saint, O;
 O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist—
 He's a beauty without paint, O.

CASABIANCA.*

Words by FELICIA HERMAN.

VOLKELIED.

VOICE.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
 Without his father's word;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say
 If yet my task is done!"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone!"
 And,"—but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And look'd from that lone post of death,
 In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay!"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And stream'd above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound,—
 The boy,—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strew'd the sea!

With mast and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part,—
 But the noblest thing which perish'd there
 Was the young and faithful heart!

ST. JOLES.

R. E. R.

J. F.

VOICE. *When time was young and the*

PIANO. *p*

school was new (King James had painted it bright and blue), In sport or stud-y, in

grief or joy, St. Joles was the friend of the la - zy boy.

He helped when the les-son at noon was said, He helped when the Bishop was

fast in bed; For the Bishop of course was mas-ter then, And bishops get up at the

CHORUS.

stroke of ten. St. Joles hoo-ray, and St. Joles hoo-roo, Mark my word if it don't come true; In

sport or stu - dy, in grief or joy, St. Joles is the friend of the la - zy boy.

2

If an *a* was possibly short or long,
St. Joles would whisper it right (or wrong);
If ever an *e* provoked a doubt,
St. Joles' Lexicon helped it out;
Perhaps it wasn't in page and print,
But it hinted a probably friendly hint;
And often indeed, if I must confess
It was like a sort of a kind of guess.

St. Joles hooray, &c.

4

But there came a morning of fear and dread,
When the Bishop was up and the Saint in bed;
And all the boys, from bottom to top,
Instead of bishop, pronounced bishóp!—
—However the guilty class might try,
They lengthened *o*, and they shortened *i*;
And the Bishop with righteous anger flames;
And off he went and he told King James.

St. Joles hooray, &c.

3

No laws of scholarship harsh and quaint
Could ever perplex the useful Saint;
No trouble of mood or gender come,
But he settled the rule by the rule of thumb;
You could toss a penny, and surely know
The way the genitive case would go;
For at tails and heads he was clear and true,
And it always turned up one of the two!

St. Joles hooray, &c.

5

O then King James, in his wrath and ire,
Degraded St. Joles to Joles Esquire;
And now to punish the awful crime
They get up at seven in winter time;
And oft the vowels in prose and song
St. Joles' Lexicon tells you wrong;
And if you believe me, down at play,
There's always fog on St. Joles' day.

St. Joles hooray, &c.

THE BAY OF BISCAV.

Words by ANDREW CHERRY.

J. DAVY.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

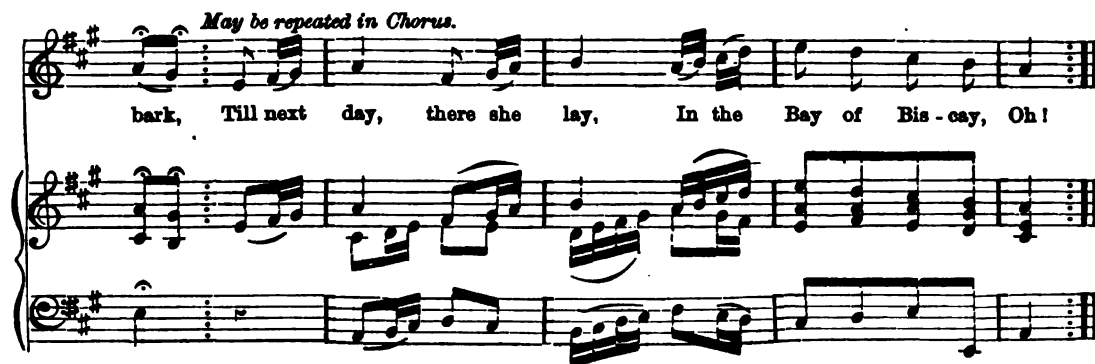
f

p

Loud roared the dread - ful thun - der, The rain a del - uge

show'rs; The clouds were rent a - sun - der, By light-ning's viv - id

pow'rs; The night was drear and dark, Our poor de - vo - ted



Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge show'rs;
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid pow'rs;
 The night was drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day, there she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billows;
 Her op'ning timbers creak,
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak.
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay, till next day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd for morrow
 Breaks through the hazy sky!
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heaves a bitter sigh.
 The dismay wreck to view
 Strikes horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O,

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent;
 When Heav'n, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercies sent;
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers,
 Now we sail, with the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

BINGO.

f Alla marcia.

Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, Here's to good old Yale, drink it down,
 drink it down, drink it down,

Here's to good old Yale, She's so hearty and so hale, Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. **FINE**

Balm of Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad, Balm of Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad, Balm of Gi-le-ad, Way

down on the Bin-go farm, We won't go home a-ny more, We won't go home a-ny more, We

won't go home a-ny more, Way down on the Bin-go farm. *p* Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo,

[SPOKER.] **D. C.**
 Bin-go, Bin-go, Way down on the Bin-go farm. *f* **B I N G O.**

ANTIOCH.

*Masstoso.**Presto.*

ff 1. There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise, He jump'd in to a
2. And when he saw his eyes were out, With all his might and main, He jump'd in to an

bram - ble bush, He jump'd in - to a bram - ble bush, And scratch'd out both his
- oth - er bush, He jump'd in - to an - oth - er bush, And scratch'd them in a

eyes, And scratch'd out both his eyes, And scratch'd, and scratch'd out both his eyes.
gain, And scratch'd them in a - gain, And scratch'd, and scratch'd them in a - gain.
And scratch'd out both his eyes, and scratch'd out both his eyes.

SO SAY WE.

Largo.

So say we all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all; So say we

all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all of us, So say we all.

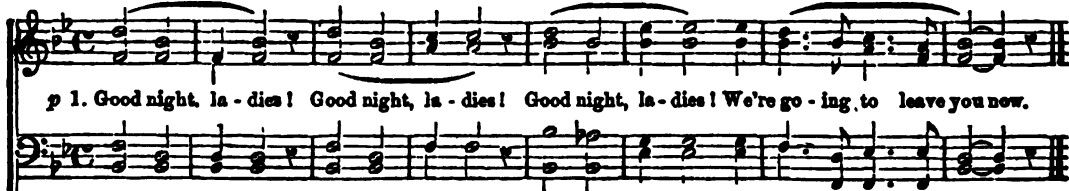
JOHN BROWN.

John Brown had a little injun,
John Brown had a little injun,
John Brown had a little injun,
One little injun boy.
One little, two little, three little injun,
Four little, five little, six little injun,

Seven little, eight little, nine little injun,
Ten little injun boys.
Ten little, nine little, eight little injun,
Seven little, six little, five little injun,
Four little, three little, two little injun,
One little injun boy.


GOOD NIGHT.

Sostenuto.



p 1. Good night, la - dies! Good night, la - dies! Good night, la - dies! We're go - ing to leave you now.

Allegro. *Repeat pp*



f Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, o'er the dark blue sea.

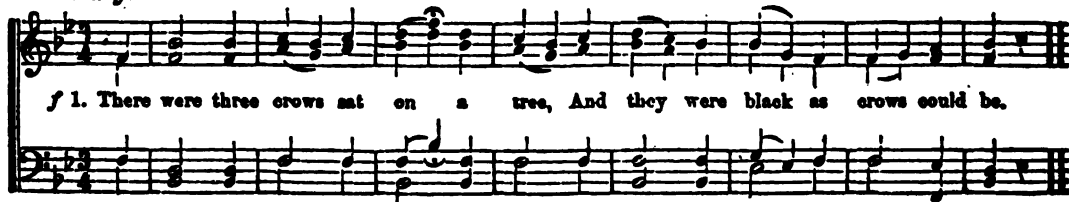
2 Farewell, ladies, etc.

3 Sweet dreams, ladies, etc.

THREE CROWS.

It is the custom for some one to "line" each stanza before it is sung.

Largo.



f 1. There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be.

2 Said one old crow unto his mate,
"What shall we do for grub to eat?"

3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."

4 "We'll perch upon his bare back-bone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."

AUREM PRÆBE MIHI.

Aim—"We'll dance by the light of the moon."

1 Felis sedit by a-hole,
Intenda ehe cum omni soul,
Prendere rats.
Mice eueurrunt over the floor,
In numero, due, tres, or more,
Obliti ests.

2 Felis saw them oculis,
"I'll have them," inquit ehe, "I guess,
Dum ludunt."
Tunc illa crept toward the group,
"Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup!
Pingue sunt!"

3 Mice continued all ludere,
Intenti in ludum vere,
Gaudenter.
Tunc rushed the felis unto them,
Et tore them omnes limb from limb,
Violenter.

MORAL.

Mures, omni mice be shy,
Et aurem præbe mihi,
Benigue;
Si hoc fugas, verbum sat,
Avoid a huge and hungry cat,
Studiosae.

DOMINE SALVAM FAC.

VOICES ONLY.

From Gounod's Mass for Men's Voices.

ff Maestoso.

Do - mi - ne sal - vam fac Pa - tri - am nos - tram A - mer - i - cam,

Et ex - au - di nos in di - e qua in - vo - ca - ve - ri - mus..... te.....

ORGAN OR PIANO ONLY.

ff

pedale

DOMINE SALVAM FAC.

ff

Do - mi - ne sal - vam fac Pa - tri - am nos - tram A - mer - i - cam,

Do - mi - ne sal - vam fac Pa - tri - am nos - tram A - mer - i - cam,

ff

ORGAN OR PIANO.

Et ex - au - di nos in di - e qua in - vo - ca - ve - ri - mus..... le.....

Et ex - au - di nos in di - e qua in - vo - ca - ve - ri - mus le.....

ff

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

All. Allegretto. mf

1 { Way down in the mead-ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the wind from the
fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the

2 { She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven - black hair, And she nev - er

mf

1st time. 2d time.

moun - tains ne'er ruf - fies the rose; Lives
val - ley, tho.....girl that I love.
known to put paint on her cheek; In the
re - quires.....per - fum - ery there.

Chorus. f

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, never die;

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

rit.

3 Evelina and I one fine evening in June
Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon,
The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.

4 Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar,
Evelina still lives in that green grassy holler,
Although I am fated to marry her never,
I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.

FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

OR (A MERRY HEART.)

Words by EDWARD OXFORD.

Music by L. DEMEA.

Allegretto brillante.

p grazioso.

pp cres.

f

pp

1. Some think..... the world is
2. Some think..... it wrong to
3. Ah me!..... 'tis strange that

COBO. f

made for fun and frolic..... And so do I!..... And so do
set the feet a dancing..... But not so I!..... But not so
some should take to sighing..... And like it well!..... And like it

N. B. This song can be sung with or without the chorus.

FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

SOLO. *f*

I!..... Some think..... It well to be all mel - an -
 I!..... Some think..... that eyes should keep from coy - ly
 well!..... For me..... I have not tho't it worth the

CORO.

- chol - ic,..... To pine and sigh,..... To pine and sigh;
 glanc - ing..... Up - on the sly!..... Up - on the sly!
 try - ing,..... So can - not tell!..... So can - not tell!

SOLO. *p*

..... But I,..... I love to spend my time in sing - ing.....
 But oh!..... to me the ma - sy dance is charm - ing.....
 With laugh..... and dance and song the day soon pas - ses,.....

CORO. SOLO.

..... Some joy - ous song,..... Some joy - ous song;
 Di - vine - ly sweet,..... Di - vine - ly sweet.
 Full soon is gone,..... Full soon is gone;
 To
 And
 For

FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

set..... the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing..... Is far from
 sure - ly there is nought that is a - harm - ing..... In nim - ble
 mirth..... was made for joy - ous lads and las - ses..... To call their

CORO. f **SOLO. p**

wrong!..... Is far from wrong!..... Lis - ten,
 feet?..... In nim - ble feet?..... Lis - ten,
 own!..... To call their own!..... Lis - ten,

lis - ten! * ech - oes sound a - far!..... Lis - ten, lis - ten!

pp cres. *ten.*

ech - oes sound a - far! Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,

pp cres. *col canto.*

* 2d Verse: Music sounds afar, etc.
 3rd Verse: Hark the soft guitar, etc.

FUNICULI, FUNICULA

f CORO. *f*

ech - oes sound a - far! Tra la la la, tra la la la, Lis ten,

f

lis - ten! ech - oes sound a - far!..... Lis - ten, lis - ten!

p cres. ten.

ech - oes sound a - far! Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,

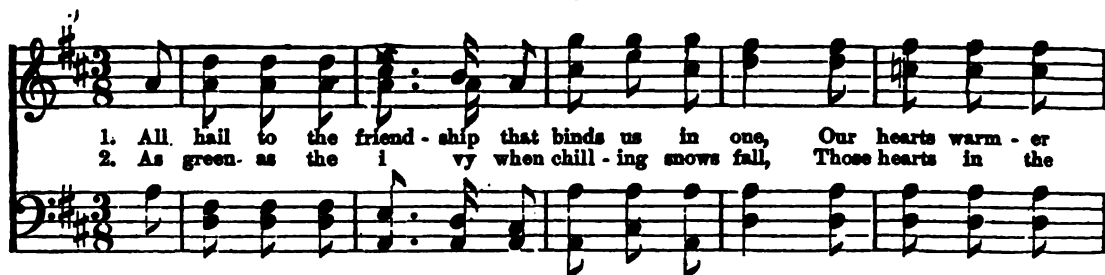
p cres. col canto.

1st time. 2d time.

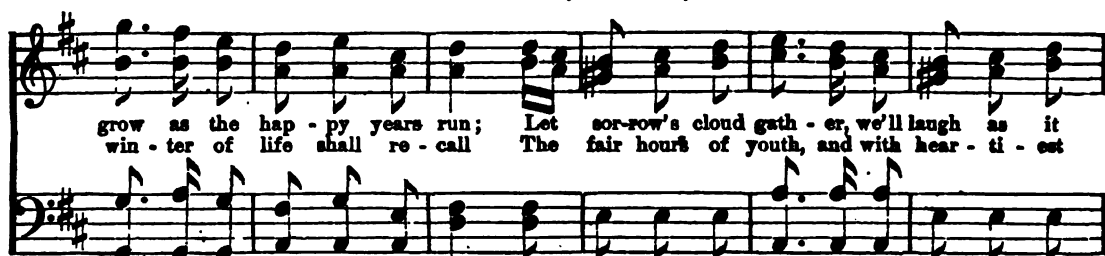
ech - oes sound a - far, Tra la la la, tra la la la. la.

f *p*

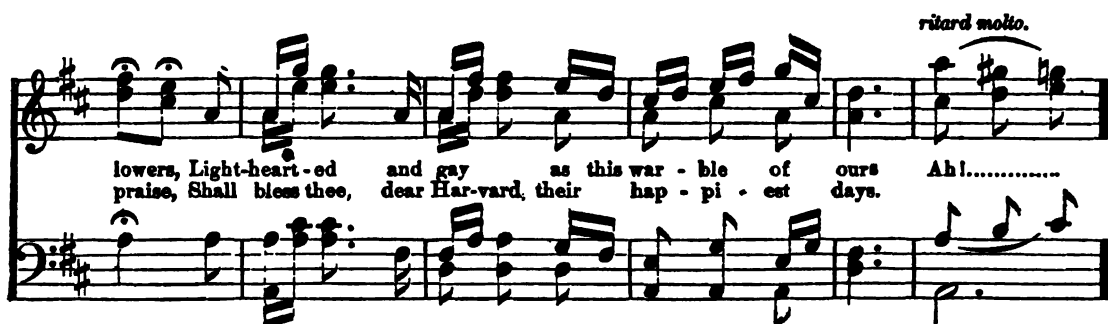
BAVARIAN YODEL.



1. All hail to the friend - ship that binds us in one, Our hearts warm - er
2. As green - as the i vy when chill - ing snows fall, Those hearts in the



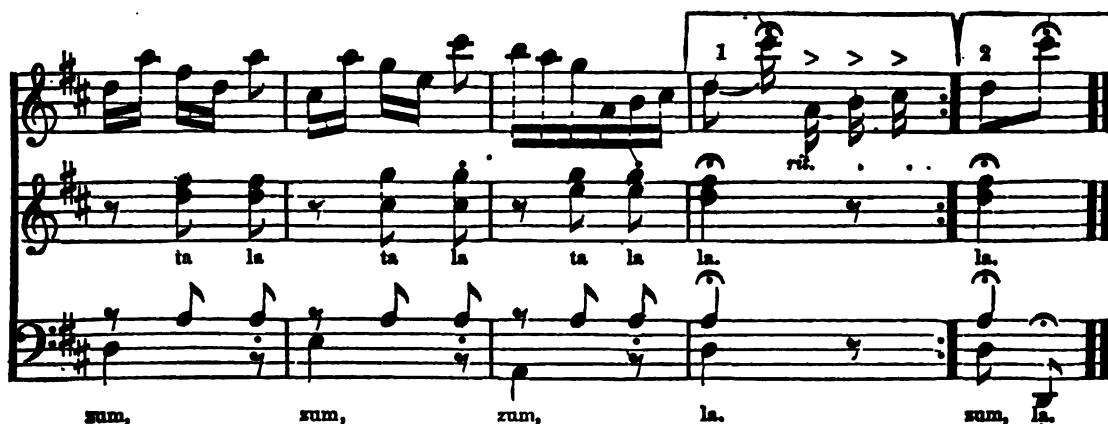
grow as the hap - py years run; Let sor - row's cloud gath - er, we'll laugh as it
win - ter of life shall re - call The fair hour of youth, and with hear - ti - est



lowers, Light-heart - ed and gay as this war - ble of ours Ah!.....
praise, Shall bless thee, dear Har - vard, their hap - pi - est days.



YODEL.
Tempo.
ta la ta la ta la ta la
sum, sum, sum, sum,



1. 2.
ta la ta la ta la la. la.
sum, sum, sum, la. sum, la.

THE MERRY CHINK, CHINK, CHINK.

G. W. HUNT.

Allegro. mf

1. Some sing of charming woman, Some sing in praise of drink, I'll sing of what we all a - do, And
 2. A roguish lit-tle dar-ling lends Enchantment to your life; Your paradise would be complete If

mf

that's the mer-ry chink. You may call it fil-thy lu-cre, You may call it fil-thy dross, But
 she'd be-come your wife! To - wards bliss mas-ter Cu-pid, Blindly leads you to the brink, Where

Chorus.

up a tree you're sure to be When you've to mourn its loss. For there's nothing half so jol-ly as the
 he ve-ry oft-en drops you If you hav'nt got the chink.

f

chink, chink, chink, Noth-ing half so han-dy as the chink, chink, chink. You may do without a

THE MERRY CHINK, CHINK, CHINK.

wife, You may do without a drink, But you can't do without the mer-ry chink, chink, chink.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

3 And where would be our darlings,
Oh! whatever would they do?
There'd be no balls nor picnics,
Nor snug dinners up at Kew.
Swan and Edgar's, Peter Robinson's
And such "sweet" shops I think
Would be nought to them without that
Most accommodating "chink."

4 Should you wish to test your better-half,
As to her love for "Tin,"
Just sign a check—leave it blank,
And let her fill it in.
Each week the bank rate would go up,
We'd all go smash I think,
If lovely woman only had
The run of all the chink!

FORSAKEN AM I

English words by LUDWIG.

THOS. KOSCHAT.

Slow. pp

1. For-sak - en, for-sak - en, For-sak - en am I! Like a stone by the roadside, All
2. A mound's in that churchyard, Fair buds o'er it break, And there sleeps my darling, And

The first system of the musical score for 'FORSAKEN AM I' is in 3/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *pp*. The system ends with a double bar line.

men pass me by; I go to a graveyard, No hope my heart cheers, There sadly I
will not a - wake; Each day do I stay there, To weep by the stone, And bit - ter - ly

The second system continues the musical score. It includes the same vocal and piano parts. Dynamics include *ff*. The system ends with a double bar line.

kneel me, And shed bit - ter tears, There sad - ly I kneel me, And shed bit - ter tears.
feel there That on earth I'm a - lone, And bit - ter - ly feel there That on earth I'm a - lone.

The third system concludes the musical score. It includes the same vocal and piano parts. Dynamics include *p* and *ff*. The system ends with a double bar line.

LAURIGER HORATIUS

1. Lau-ri-ger Ho-ra-ti-us, Quam dix-is-ti ve-rum, Fu-git Eu-ro-

2. Cres-cit u-va mol-li-ter, Et pu-el-la cres-cit; Sed po-e-e-ta

-ci-ti-us, Tem-pus e-dax re-rum, U-bi sunt, O, po-cu-la,

tur-pi-ter Sit-i-ens can-es-cit. U-bi sunt, O, po-cu-la,

Dul-ci-o-ra mel-le, Rix-e, pax et os-cu-la, Ru-ben-tis pu-el-la.

Dul-ci-o-ra mel-le, Rix-e, pax et os-cu-la, Ru-ben-tis pu-el-la.

3 Quid juvat aeternitas
Nominis, amare
Nisi terrae filias
Licet, et potare!

Ubi sunt, O, pocula,
Dulciora melle,
Rixae, pax et oscula,
Rubentis puella.

MUSH, MUSH.

Andante.
mf

1. Oh, 'twas there I larn'd ra - din' an' wri - tin',..... At Bil - ly Brackett's where
me we had mon - y a scrimmage,..... Am' div - il a
2. Oh, 'twas there that I larn'd all me court - in',..... O, the lis - sons I
Con - nor, she lived jist for - ninst me,..... An' tin - der lines

mf

I wint to school;..... An' 'twas there I larn'd how - lin' an' figh - tin'
cop - y I wrote;..... There was ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage
tuck in the art!..... Till Cu - pid, the black-guard while sport - in'
to her I wrote;..... If ye dare say wan hard word a - gin her,

Chorus.

1st time. 2d time.

Wid me school-mas - ther, Mis - ter O' Toole, Him an' Mush, mush, mush,
Dared thread on the tail o' me— Miss Judy O' Mush, mush, mush,
An ar - row dhruv straight thro' me heart,
I'll thread on the tail o' yer—

MUSH, MUSH.

tu - ral - i - ad - dy!..... Sing, mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - al..... There was
If ye

ne'er a' goe-soon in the vil-lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!.....
dare say wan hard word a - gin her, I'H thread on the tail o' yer coat!.....

3 But a blackguard called Micky Maloney,
Came an' sthole her affictions away;
Fur he'd money an' I hadn't ony,
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the A. M. we met at Killarney,
The Shannon we crossed in a boat;
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me—

Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation.
An' folks came a flockin' to see;
An' they cried out widout hesitation:
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee!"
Oh, I've claned out the Finnegan faction,
An' I've licked all the Murphys afloat;
If you're in fur a row or a raction,
Jist ye thread on the tail o' me—

INSTITUTE SONG.

Marching time.

1. Now we'll cel - e-brate the prais-es of the fa-mous Ins - ti - tute; What so - ci - e - ty can
2. O..... fa - mous are the din-ners of the glo-rious Ins - ti - tute, And the el - oquence of
ven - ture her po - si - tion to dis - pute? She's the old - est of them all, and of the
her de - bates no mor - tal can re - fute, Then..... drink her down with three times three, let
wid - est-spread re - pute, So 'rah, 'rah, 'rah for the Ins - ti - tute, Ins - ti - tute!
no - bo - dy be mute, So 'rah, 'rah, 'rah for the Ins - ti - tute, Ins - ti - tute!

JAPANESE LOVE SONG.

Words by W. YARDLEY.

Music by COTSFORD DICK.

mf

1. Me once-y time a-go, Knew nice-y lit-tle man, He name him-self-ey Pea Cue
 2. Lit-tle mis-sy, laugh-y guess, So hap-py as she am, "Ask pap-py dear-y Chang Fi

mf

Sin,..... He lov-ey mis-sy so, (She call her name-y Fan) "How
 Fow,..... Yum pap-py nod-dy yes, Him sweet as jol-ly jam, And
 Sou,.....

Piu lento.

doey missey well?" Chin - Chin,..... He kissey little mis-sy, (She
 berry mummy nice, Chow - Chow..... Um lovey little dovey, Um
 Sou,.....

a tempo.

call her name-y Fan) Lit-tle mis-sy which he love-y much-ey so, Lit-tle
 duck-y lit-tle Fan, Pit-ty pop-sy, wop-sy, tid-dy, ic-kle sing, And

JAPANESE LOVE SONG.

missy when he kis-sy, "Go a-way um naughty man," But um naughty, naughty man, But um
dovey say she love-y, For her finger bring a ring, For her finger bring a ring, For her

a tempo. *p*

naughty, naughty man,
fin-ger bring a ring, But um naughty man a-way um wouldn't go, go, go!
For her finger ring a Ching a ring a ring Ching ring!

p

f *p*
Tip Top Whip Top Sing So Hi, Hum Top Sing So Lo; Chip Chop Cher-ry Chop

f *p*

up to the ve-ry top; Tumble down lo Sing So. So.....

mf *Tempo 1mo.* *ff*

D.C.

1st time. 2d time.

MARIA.

Andante espressivo.

1. On a fence in a gar-den a lit-tle Tom cat Sang 'Ri-a, Ma-ri-a, oh,

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. On a fence in a gar-den a lit-tle Tom cat Sang 'Ri-a, Ma-ri-a, oh,". The music is in B-flat major and 6/8 time.

'Ri-a,..... I won-der'd how long the poor thing had sat, Sing-ing

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "'Ri-a,..... I won-der'd how long the poor thing had sat, Sing-ing". The music is in B-flat major and 6/8 time.

'Ri-a, Ma-ri-a, oh, 'Ri-a,..... For I had a-woke from a

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "'Ri-a, Ma-ri-a, oh, 'Ri-a,..... For I had a-woke from a". The music is in B-flat major and 6/8 time.

USED BY PERMISSION.

MAMA.

ver - y sound asleep, And I tho't to my-self, why his lungs are not weak, When he

seem'd to re- ply to my tho'ts with a shriek, Oh, 'Ri - a, Ma - ri - a, oh, 'Ri - a.

2 As he sat on the fence in the moonlight he spied
His 'Ria, Maria, oh, 'Ria,
And something went wrong from the way that he cried,
For 'Ria, Maria, oh, 'Ria,
For there on a shed where the moonlight it shone,
He saw his Maria—she was not alone—
As he watch'd how he hugg'd her, it make his heart groan,
Oh, 'Ria, Maria, oh, 'Ria.

3 Fire flashed from his eyes as he called her to come,
Miss 'Ria, Maria, oh, 'Ria,
But to all his entreaties his false love was dumb,
Miss 'Ria, Maria, oh, 'Ria.
Then he looked to his muscles, and felt of his claws,
And stiffened his tail, and erected his furs,
And jumped o'er the fence—and now I will paws,
Maria, good-bye-er, oh 'Ria.

BOHUNKUS.

1. There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were brothers.

Be - hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - se - phus was the other's.

2 Now, these two boys had suits of clothes,
And they were made for Sunday,
Bohunkus wore his every day,
Josephus his on Monday.

3 Now, these two boys to the theatre went,
Whenever they saw fit,
Bohunkus in the gallery sat,
Josephus in the pit.

4 Now, these two boys are dead and gone,
Long may their ashes rest!
Bohunkus of the cholera died,
Josephus by request.

5 Now, these two boys, their story told,
And they did tell it well,
Bohunkus he to heaven went,
Josephus he to—Sing Sing.

THE IRISH CHRISTENING.

Words and Music by DAN MAGUINNIS.

Con spirito.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *fz* (forzando).

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 1. 'Twas down in that place Tip - per - 2. Th' aris-toc - ra - cy came to the 3. There was all sorts of tay, there was

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: ra - ry, Where they're so air - y and so con - tra - ry, They cut up the dev - ils fl - par - ty, There was Mc - Car - ty light and hear - ty, Wid Flor-enee Be - da - lia Fo - Schow-chong, And there was Ning-yong and there was Ding-dong, Wid Oo-long and Too-long and

ga - ry, When they christened my beau-ti - ful boy. In the cor - ner the pi - per sat
gar - ty, (She says that's the French for her name). Di - o - na - tius Al - phon - so Mul -
Boo - long, And tay that was made in Ja - pan. There was sweetmeats im - port - ed from

wink - in' and a blink - in' and a think - in' And a nag - gin of punch he was
roon - y, oh! so loon - y and so spoon - y, Wid the charming E - van - ge - line
Ja - va and from Gua - va and from Ha - vre, In the four - mast - ed ship, the Mi -

drink - in' And wish - ing the pa - rents great joy. When home from the
Moon - ey, Of so - ci - e - ty she was the crame. Co - ra Te - ra - sa
nar - va, That came from pe - yant Hin - do - stan. Cowid ice - cream, and

church they came with Fa - ther Tom and big Mick - y Ban - ni - gan,
Maud Mc - Cann, Al - ger - non Rouke and Lu - lu Mc - Caf - fer - ty,
cream that was hot; Ro - man punch froze up in snow - balls, and spar - a - grass,

Scores of as pur - ty - a boys and girls As ev - er ye'd ax to
 Reg - i - nald Mar - me - duke, Mau - rice Mc - gan, Cla - rence Ig - na - tius Mc -
 "Patte de foi gras," what - ev - er that manes, Made out of goose liv - ers and

see; When in flew the door, and Ho - gan the tin - ker and Lath - er - ing Lan - ni - gan
 Guirk Cor - ne - lius Hora - tio Flaherty's son, Ad - e - laide Grace, and Doctor O' Raf - fer - ty -
 grease. Red headed ducks wid salmon and peas, Bandy - leg'd frogs and Pe - ru - vi - an os - trich - es,

kick'd up a row, and want - ed to know why they weren't ax'd to the spree.
 E - va Mc - Lough - lin, Co - ra Mul - doon, And Brig - a - dier Gen - er - al Burke.
 Bot - tle - nosed pick - er - el, wood - cock and snipe, And ev - ry - thing else that would plaze.

And the ba - by set up such a squall - ing, and such a bawl - ing, and cat - er -
 They were danc - ing the Pol - ka Ma - zur - ka, 'Twas a work - er, ne'er a
 Af - ter din - ner of course we had spa - king, there was hand - sha - king, there was leave

waul - ing, And the nurse on the moth - er was call - ing, There
shirk - er, The Var - so - vi - an - na La Turk er, And the
tak - ing, In the cor - ner ould moth - er's match - ma - king, Wid

was a time "mon um ga joy!" The pip - er his chan - ter was dron - ing, and a
Pol - ka - row - dow, was di - vine. They march'd and then went in - to lunch - eon; O such
other such in - no - cent sins. And we drank a good health to each oth - er, then to each

groan - ing, and a moan - ing; The ould wo - man set up the croan - ing When they
punch - in', and such scrunch - in'. They were bu - sy as bees at the munch - in', Wid
broth - er, then to each moth - er; But the last toast—I thought I would smote - er When they

D.S.:

christened sweet danny the boy.
cof - fee, tay, whiskey, and wine.
hoped that the next would be twins.

Last time.

D.S.:

GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE!

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by T. H. ALLEN.

Allegro Moderato.

1. The ship goes sailing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! We
 2. I'll miss you on the storm-y deep, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! What
 3. Then cheer up till we meet a-gain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! I'll

rall.

piu lento.

may not meet for many a day, Good-bye, my lover, good-bye! My heart will ev - er more be true, Tho'
 can I do but ev - er weep? Good-bye, my lover, good-bye! My heart is bro - ken with regret! But
 try to bear my wea-ry pain, Good-bye, my lover, good-bye! Tho' far I roam a-cross the sea, My

piu lento.

rall.

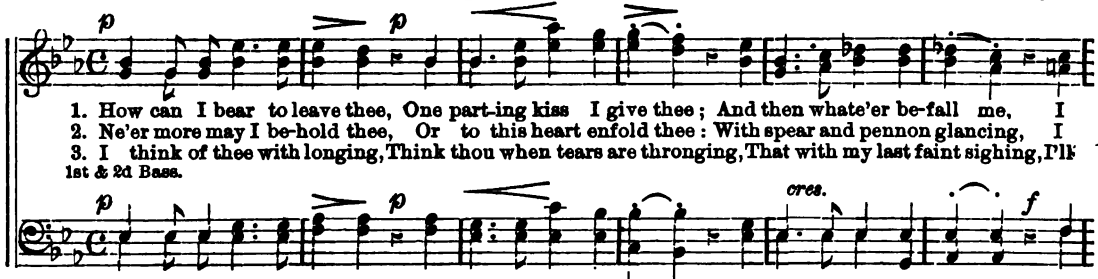
now we sad - ly say a-dieu! Oh, kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
 nev - er dream that I'll forget; I lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
 ev' - ry thought of you shall be, Oh, say you'll sometimes think of me, Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

Tempo. 1mo.

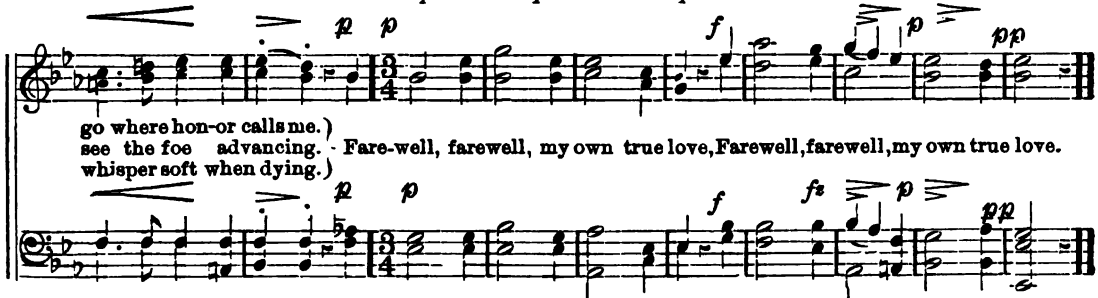

The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye!..... 'Tis
sad to tear my heart a - way! Good-bye, my lov - er, good-bye!.....

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1st & 2d Tenor.
*Andante.**poco riten.**Crescendo e poco accel. al - f*


1. How can I bear to leave thee, One parting kiss I give thee; And then what'er be-fall me, I
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart enfold thee: With spear and pennon glancing, I
3. I think of thee with longing, Think thou when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sighing, I'll
1st & 2d Bass.

Tempo 1. tranquillo e molto espress.


go where hon-or calls me.)
see the foe advancing. Fare-well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
whisper soft when dying.)

Good-bye, my lover. Soldier's Farewell.—2.

Quadrilles or Country Dances,*

SET TO NURSERY RHYMES,

BY

JOHN FARMER.

No. 1.

Jack and Jill.

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR
BASS.
PIANO.

p Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter;

f Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling af - ter *Fine.*

p Goo - sey, goo - sey ran - der, Whi - ther dost thou wan - der?
Hey, did - dle, did - dle, the cat and the fid - dle, The cow jump'd o - ver the moon; The

* Originally composed for Orchestra and Voices.

JACK AND JILL.

Up - stairs, and down - stairs, And in my la - dy's cham - ber.

Hit - tle dog laugh'd to see such sport, And the dish ran a - way with the spoon.

D.C. to first 8 bars, and then to last strain.

p Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner sat in a cor - ner Eat - ing his Christ - mas pie; Ho

p *acc.*

p put in his thumb and pull'd out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I."

p *acc.* *f* *D.C.*

No. 2 "Where are you going, my Pretty Maid?"

TENOR.
BASS.

Baa, baa! black sheep, have you a - ny wool? Yes, sir,

PIANO.

no, sir, three bags full.

1. Where are you going to, my ...
2. What is your for - tune, my ...
3. Then I'll not marry you, my ...

TREBLE & ALTO.

pret - ty maid?
pret - ty maid?
pret - ty maid!

"I'm going a
"My face is my
"No - bo - dy

Ped. * *Ped.* *

milk - ing, sir," she said.
for - tune, sir," she said.
ax'd you, sir," she said.

Ped. * *D.C.*

No. 8.

"Little Bo-Peep."

PIANO.

 The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The left hand plays a bass line in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the fourth measure.

This system continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand melody includes a triplet of eighth notes in the fourth measure. The left hand provides a steady bass line. The system concludes with a double bar line.

2nd time.

Lit - tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;

 This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays the melody, and the left hand plays the bass line. The piano part includes pedal markings: "Ped." followed by an asterisk, then "Ped." followed by an asterisk, then "Ped." followed by an asterisk, then "Ped." followed by an asterisk, and finally an asterisk.

Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, And bring their tails be - hind them.

 This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays the melody, and the left hand plays the bass line. The piano part includes pedal markings: "Ped." followed by an asterisk, then "Ped." followed by an asterisk, then "Ped." followed by an asterisk, and finally an asterisk. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking "D.G." (Da Capo).

No. 4. "Sing a Song of Sixpence."

TREBLE.
ALTO.

Sing a song of sixpence, a poc-ket full of rye, Four and twen-ty black-birds

TENOR.
BASS.

PIANO.

f bak'd in a pie.

p When the pie was o - pen'd the birds be - gan to sing,

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

O what a dain - ty dish to bring be - fore the King.

p When the pie was o - pen'd the birds be - gan to sing!

O what a dain - ty dish to bring 'be - fore the King.

No. 5.

"Ride a Cock-Horse."

TREBLE.
ALTO.

Ride a cock-horse to Ban-bu-ry Cross, To see a fine la-dy get on a white horse.

TENOR
BASS.

PIANO.

Ride a cock-horse to Ban-bu-ry Cross, To see a fine la-dy get on a white horse.

Rings on her fin-gers and bells on her toes, She shall have mu-sic wher-e-ver she goes.

Rings on her fin-gers and bells on her toes, She shall have mu-sic wher-e-ver she goes.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

Ma - ry, Ma - ry, quite con-tra - ry, How does your gar - den grow, . .

f Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Sil - ver bells and ooc - kle shells, And pret-tymaids all of a row.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ma - ry, Ma - ry, quite con-tra - ry, How does your gar - den grow, . .

f Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Sil - ver bells and cock - le shells, And pret-tymaids all of a row. let time.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

HIDE A COCK-HORSE.

2nd time.
CODA.

Pret - ty maids all in a row.

2nd time.
CODA.

f Ped. *

Pret - ty maids all in a row.

Ped. *

pp all in a row. *ff*

pp cres. *ff*

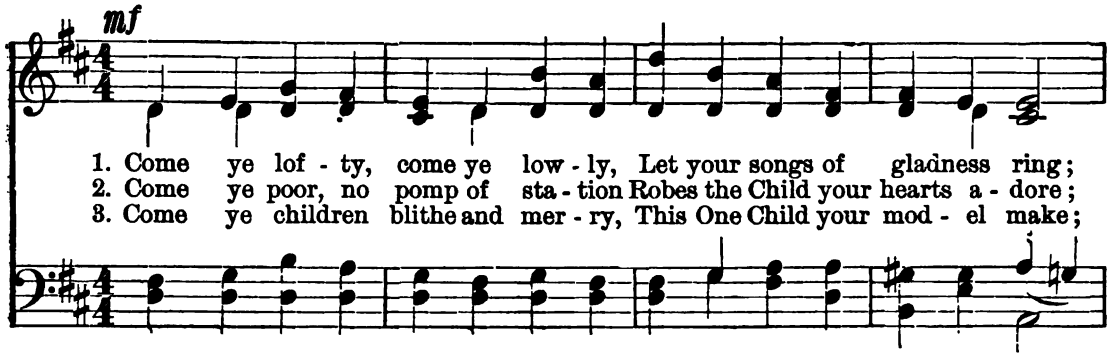
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first time through the lyrics 'Pret - ty maids all in a row.' The second system begins with a '2nd time. CODA.' marking and continues the vocal melody. The piano part features a 'f Ped.' marking and an asterisk. The third system continues the vocal melody. The piano part includes a 'Ped.' marking and an asterisk. The fourth system shows the vocal melody with 'pp' and 'ff' dynamics, and the piano part with 'pp cres.' and 'ff' dynamics. The fifth system shows the final piano accompaniment.

IN A MANGER RESTS THE KING. (Christmas Carol.)

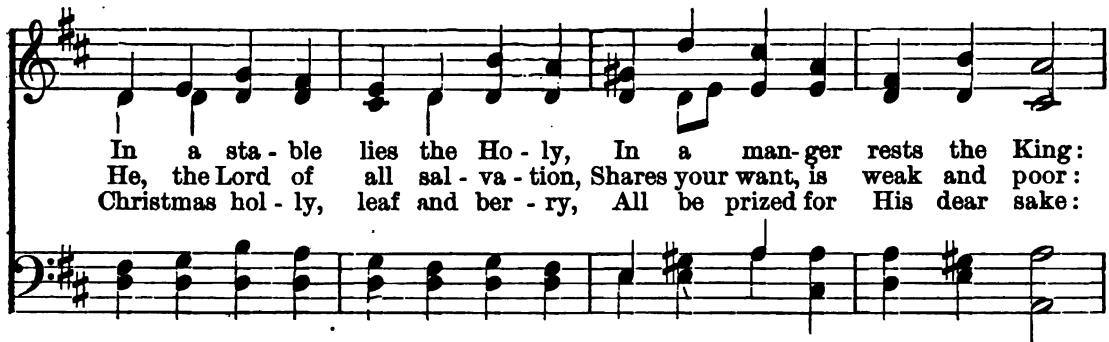
REV. H. R. BRAMLEY, M. A.

H. P. DANKS.

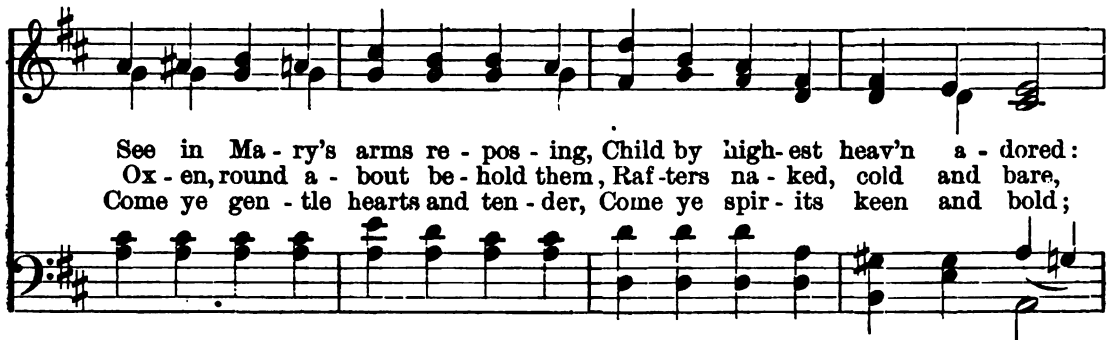
mf



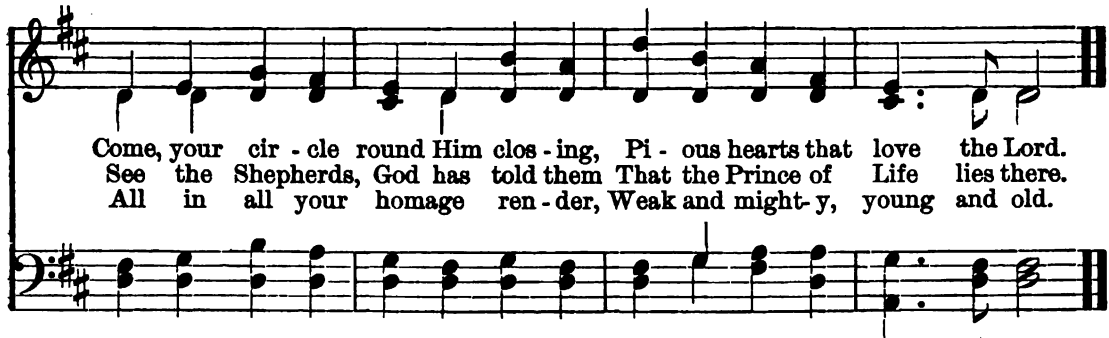
1. Come ye lof - ty, come ye low - ly, Let your songs of gladness ring;
 2. Come ye poor, no pomp of sta - tion Robes the Child your hearts a - dore;
 3. Come ye children blithe and mer - ry, This One Child your mod - el make;



In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King:
 He, the Lord of all sal - va - tion, Shares your want, is weak and poor:
 Christmas hol - ly, leaf and ber - ry, All be prized for His dear sake:



See in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing, Child by high - est heav'n a - dored:
 Ox - en, round a - bout be - hold them, Raf - ters na - ked, cold and bare,
 Come ye gen - tle hearts and ten - der, Come ye spir - its keen and bold;



Come, your cir - cle round Him clos - ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.
 See the Shepherds, God has told them That the Prince of Life lies there.
 All in all your homage ren - der, Weak and might - y, young and old.

4. High above a star is shining,
 And the wise men haste from far;
 Come glad hearts, and spirits pining:
 For you all has ris'n the star.
 Let us bring our poor oblations,
 Thanks and love and faith and praise:
 Come ye people, come ye nations,
 All in all draw nigh and gaze.

5. Hark, the Heav'n of heav'ns is ringing:
 Christ the Lord to man is born!
 Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
 Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
 Still the Child, all pow'r possessing,
 Smiles as through the ages past;
 And the song of Christmas blessing
 Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

*Words by Moore.
TUNE (from Bunting) Molly my Treasure.*

The harp that once through Tara's halls
Its soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks the night
Its tale of ruin tells:
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

'Tis forty years, my old friend John,
Since you and I were young;
Bird-nesting thro' each forest glen,
What merry, merry lays we've sung!
We climbed the rugged mountain side,
And cull'd the bright topp'd heather—
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we were boys together.
Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since we were boys together;
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we were boys together.

There's gladness in remembrance, John,
Our friendship has been true;
In all the weal and woe of life
No change that friendship knew,
We've miss'd some lov'd ones one by one,
And turn'd our wreaths of heather—
In fancy as we've decked their tombs,
Since we were boys together.
Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since we were boys together;
Unaltered is our friendship, John.
Since we were boys together.

I need not bid thee ponder, John,
You know our prime is o'er;
The flow'r, the nest, the humming bee,
For us will charm no more.
And our frail forms are failing fast,
We could not bound the heather—
As hand in hand, with glad some brows,
We did when boys together.
When we were boys, merry, merry boys,
When we were boys together;
Thro' many sunny years, friend John,
May we yet live together.

OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Words and TUNE Anon.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing should
please me,
And then for a kiss, Oh! he vow'd he would
tease me;
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue-
ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Words by Moore. TUNE The Moreson.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud son under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chord asunder;
And said, "No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Claver-
house spoken,
"Ere the King's crown go down there are
heads to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us go free,
For its up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backwards, the drums
they are beat;
But the Provost (douce man) said, "just e'en
let it be,
For the toun is weel rid' o' that de'il o'
Dundee.

BONNIE DUNDEE.—[CONTINUED.]

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands
beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the south there are chiefs
in the North;
There are brave Duinewassels three thousand
times three
Will cry "hey for the bonnets o' bonnie
Dundee."

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble false Whigs in the midst o'
your glee,
Ye ha'e nae seen the last o' my bonnets and
me.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a world-known
name,

Tho' 'tis but a little spot;
'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not.
Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in arts, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give,
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er ev'ry sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but the free,
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot-torn wreck
But ne'er float o'er a slave.
Its honor is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true-born Englishman.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow
The wrong'd and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe
As it does for a soul-bound friend.
It nurtures a deep and an honest love,
The passions of faith and pride,
And yearns with the fondness of a dove
To the light of its own fireside,
'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,
The heart of a true-born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone
And boldly claim his right;
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
The place of his home and his birth,
And flush will pour from cheek to brow,
While he tells of his native earth.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breathed in the words "I'm an Eng-
lishman!"

TOM WAS A ROSY BOY.

Tom was a rosy boy
When he went to college,
Brimming with health and joy
When he went to College.
None of all the student clan
Dared his steps to follow,
When the Sessions he began,
Like a bright Apollo!

Tom was a naughty boy
When the months proceeded,
Good advice I gave the boy,
Good, but little heeded.
Hotly panting for the goal,
Not a moment idle,
With mad haste he spurred his soul,
Scorning bit and bridle.

Tom was an altered boy
When the Session ended,
Pale his cheek and sunk his eye,
When the Session ended;
Pills and potions made display,
Nurse and leech attended,
Lean and languid where he lay
When the Session ended!

Where now is rosy Tom?
O do not ask me!
I can only weep for Tom,
Now when you ask me!
He who was so bright and swift,
Like a flashing river!
Lies now whence none may lift,
Cold, cold for ever!

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,
That wanton through the flow'ry thorn;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SOME BOOK-WORMS WILL SIT AND WILL STUDY.

Some book-worms will sit and will study
Alone, with their dear selves alone,
Till their brain like a mill-pond grows muddy
And their heart is as cold as a stone,
But listen to what I now say, boys,
Who know the fine art to unbend,
All labor without any play, boys,
Makes Jack a dull boy in the end.

There's Moodie, no doubt he's a fellow
Of heart, and of head has no lack,
But his cheek like a lemon, is yellow,
And he bends like a camel his back,
I tell him the worst of all evils
Is cram; and to live on this plan
Is to nourish a host of blue devils,
To plague him when he is a man.

I guess you have heard many sermons
Not wiser at all than my rhymes;
But perhaps you don't know what determines
Their sense to be nonsense sometimes,
Though bright the great truth may be
beaming,
Through dimness it struggles in vain,
Of vapours from stomach upsteaming
Unhealthy, that poison the brain.

Beside her old wheel when 'tis birring,
A spinster may sit and may croon,
But a mettlesome youth should be stirring,
Like Hermes with wings to his shoon;
With a club, or a bat, or a mallet,
Making sport with the ball on the green,
Or roaming about with a wallet,
Where steamboats and tourists are seen.

Then rise from the lean-visaged study,
That drains all the sap from your brains;
Give your face to the breeze and grow ruddy
With blood that exults in the veins.
Trust me—for I know what I says, boys—
And use the fine art to unbend,
All work, with no season of play, boys,
Makes Jack a dull boy in the end!

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ho! sons of France awake from slumber,
The glorious dawn gilds Freedom's ways.
See, the tyrant's hordes in their number
Dare a blood-sprent banner to raise;
In many a field, farthest and nearest,
Those hireling invaders arise,
And strive before your very eyes
To destroy your sons and your dearest.
To arms then, fellow men,
And form the ranks again.
March on, blood amply shed
Shall stain the furrows red!

What mean the host of slaves and traitors?
What bear these base kings on the brow?
And for whom their chains and their fetters
Which their hands held back until now?
Men of France, feel you not burning
Your hearts to foregather their scheme?
To yoke our freemen is their dream,
But to bondage there's no returning,
To arms then, fellow men, &c.

Love of country, thou that endurest,
Sustain and guide us in the right;
And thou, Freedom, fondest and purest,
Do thou gird our swords for the fight,
And to our flag victory glorious
Shall hasten with joy at thy cry:
The foe shall witness ere he die
That our cause and our arms are victorious.
To arms then, fellow men, &c.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

A wild cry leaps like thunder roar,
Like glitt'ring brand o'er wave to shore,
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who'll keep it when its foes combine?
Dear Fatherland! no fear be thine,
Great hearts and true watch by the Rhine.

Thro' countless thousands thrills that cry,
And lightning fills each patriot eye,
And German youth devoutly brave,
Protect the sacred frontier wave,
Dear Fatherland, &c.

But if my heart in death be stayed,
O seek for me no alien aid,
For as the Rhine is rich in flood,
So rich our land in hero blood!
Dear Fatherland, &c.

The ghost of many a German Knight
Looks on us from his azure height,
And as we gaze on Rhine's bright blue,
We feel its tide is German too!
Dear Fatherland, &c.

So long as we have blood to run,
So long as we can hold a gun,
So long as we can wield a brand,
No foe, O Rhine, shall tread thy strand!
Dear Fatherland, &c.

Flows on thy wave, while spreads our vow,
Lo! proud in air our flag flies now,
"The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine
We'll keep it, tho' our foes combine!"
Dear Fatherland, &c.

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Hark! I hear the foe advancing,
Barbed steeds are proudly prancing:
Helmets in the sunbeam glancing
Glitter through the trees.
Men of Harlech, lie ye dreaming?
See ye not their falchions gleaming,
While their pennons gaily streaming
Flutter in the breeze?
From the rocks rebounding,
Let the war-cry sounding
Summon all
At Cambria's call,
The haughty foe surrounding.
Men of Harlech, on to glory!
See, your banner fam'd in story
Waves these burning words before ye,
"Britain scorns to yield!"

'Mid the fray, see dead and dying,
Friend and foe together lying;
All around the arrows flying
Scatter sudden death!
Frightened steeds are wildly neighing.
Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men for mercy praying
With their parting breath!
See—they're in disorder!—
Comrades, keep close order!
Ever they
Shall rue the day
They ventured o'er the border!
Now the Saxon flees before us;
Victory's banner floateth o'er us!
Raise the loud exulting chorus
"Britain wins the field!"

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER.

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son,
He loved the Bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

But she was coy, and never would
On him her heart bestow,
Till he was sent to London town
Because he loved her so.

When seven years had passed away,
She put on mean attire,
And straight to London she would go,
About him to enquire.

And as she went along the road,
Through weather hot and dry,
She rested on a grassy load,
And her love came riding by.

"Give me a penny, thou 'prentice good,
Relieve a maid forlorn;"
"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born?"

"Oh, I was born at Islington,"
"Then tell me if you know
The Bailiff's daughter of that place?"
"She died, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some distant land,
Where no man shall me know."

"Oh, stay! oh, stay! thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side,
She's here alive, she is not dead,
But ready to be thy bride."

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory
We carved not a line, and we raised not a
stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne?
We'll tak' a cup a' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidelt in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty fere,
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll take a richt guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Three haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend them down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy court repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

SCOTS' WHA HA'E WT' WALLACE
BLED.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
Now's the day, an' now's the hour:
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' flee!
Wha for Scotland's king an' law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes an' pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

BARBARA ALLEN.

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin'
Made every youth say, "Well-a-day!"
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay;
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

He sent his man down thro' the town,
To the place where she was dwellin',—
"You must come to my master, dear,
If you be Barb'ra Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;—
And all she said, when there she came,—
"Young man, I think you are dying."

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in;
"Adieu! adieu! adieu to all,—
Adieu to Barb'ra Allen!"

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow!"

BARBARA ALLEN.—[CONTINUED.]

She, on her death-bed as she lay,
 Begg'd to be buried by him,
 And sore repented of the day
 That she did e'er deny him.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
 And shun the faults I fell in;
 Henceforth take warning by the fate
 Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd
 Britannia mourns her Hero now at rest;
 But those bright laurels ne'er will fade with
 years,
 Whose leaves, whose leaves are water'd by a
 nation's tears.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay
 We saw the Frenchmen lay,
 Each heart was bounding then;
 We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
 For our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men!
 Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
 Nor thought of home or beauty;
 Along the line this signal ran,
 "England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty!"

And now the cannons roar
 Along th' affrighted shore,
 Our Nelson led the way;
 His ship the Vict'ry nam'd!
 Long be that Victory fam'd,
 For Vict'ry crown'd the day!
 But dearly was that conquest bought,
 Too well the gallant Hero fought
 For England home and beauty;
 He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
 "England shall find that every man
 This day will do his duty!"

At last the fatal wound,
 Which spread dismay around,
 The Hero's breast, the Hero's breast
 receiv'd;
 "Heav'n fights upon our side,
 The day's our own," he cried!
 "Now long enough I've lived!
 In honor's cause my life was passed,
 In honor's cause I fall at last,
 For England home and beauty!"
 Thus ending life as he began,
 England confess'd that every man
 That day had done his duty!

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There was a jolly miller once
 Lived on the river Dee,
 He danced and sang from morn till night,
 No lark so blithe as he;
 And this the burden of his song,
 For ever used to be,
 "I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me."

I live by my mill, God bless her!
 She's kindred, child and wife;
 I would not change my station
 For any other in life:
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,
 E'er had a groat from me,
 "I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me."

When Spring begins his merry career,
 Oh how his heart grows gay!
 No Summer drought alarms his fears,
 Nor Winter's cold decay;
 No foresight mars the miller's joy,
 Who's wont to sing and say,
 "Let others toil from year to year,
 I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,
 Let us rejoice and sing,
 The days of youth are made for glee,
 And time is on the wing;
 This song shall pass from me to thee,
 Along the jovial ring,
 With heart and voice let all agree
 To say, "Long live the King."

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

'Twas in the good ship *Rover*
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years and over
 I ne'er touch'd British ground;
 At length in England landed,
 I left the roaring main,
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore;
 But when we made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off shore:
 She lay, so did it shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till saved from Davy's locker,
 We stood to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight:
 My precious limb was lopp'd off,
 I, when they'd eased my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
 And went to sea again.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Words by Burns.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that.
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

TUNE The British Grenadiers.

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great men
as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's
none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadier.

Chorus—But of all the world's, &c.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Chorus—But our brave boys, &c.

Whene'r we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades;
We throw them from the glacis about the enemies' ears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry Hurra, boys, here comes a Grenadier,
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
Then sing, tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.
Chorus—Here comes the, &c.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.
Chorus—May they, &c.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

Words by Moore.

The young May moon is beaming, Love,
The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, Love;
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, Love!
Then awake! the heav'n's look bright, my Dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my Dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my Dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, Love,
And the sage his star-watch keeping, Love!
And I whose star
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping,
Love!
Then awake till rise of sun, my Dear!
The sage's glass we'll shun, my Dear;—
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He may happen to take thee for one, my Dear!

Price, 50 Cents.

THE BELLS.

A CANTATA.

POEM BY

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

MUSIC BY

D. EZECHIELS.

NEW YORK:

Published by
RICHARD A. SAALFIELD,

41 UNION SQUARE,

S. W. Cor. 17th Street.

Copyright, 1888, by RICHARD A. SAALFIELD.

GEORGE F. BRISTOW'S

NEW AND IMPROVED METHOD

Reed or Cabinet Organ.

Without exception the best Instruction lately published. Written by a musician, a master of the Instrument, this book is beyond question the very best method for the Teacher as well as the Pupil.

Unlike time worn and played out methods, Mr. Bristow has in this book cut loose from paths long since beaten out by Berini, Cherry, Hayes, &c., and in this respect, if no other, has written a method which is essentially a new one, while in the compilation of it he has been more than happy arranging such and such pieces so as to bring it within the capabilities of ordinary players, while beginning with an exercise a compilation of the undersigned a more interesting selection.

This much needed book has become the Organ Method of America, and truth cannot keep her silent the Organ Method of America.

PRICE. \$2.50.

✓ This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

~~MAR 17 1945~~

JAN 11 '52 H

~~MAY 10 '52 H~~

AUG 25 '55 H

~~AUG 25 '55 H~~

